

MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

We have received the latest addition to the Trench Journal family, « The SHELL HOLE ADVANCE ». This neat little paper is published by permission of Brigadier General V.W. Odum, D.S.O., our own former Commander whose kind permission started the « Listening Post » on its varied career over a year and 7 months ago. We wish for the « Shell Hole Advance » the same success that has attended the « L. P. », and we will read its every number with growing interest — and why not? We feel we are entitled to a parental interest in the new paper. We wish the Editor and his staff every success in their new venture.

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We recommend the newspaper « CANADA » to any one wishing to keep well informed on Canadian news, and about Canadians in general. It is a bright paper and its pictorial section is worth a year's subscription alone.

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Our friends on the « other side » have done their first graceful act since the war started; they are retiring! But please don't give the Hun too much credit for that — He is only doing it because he has too, regardless of what his official excuse is.

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Did you ever read « Maple Leaves In Flanders Fields »? Well you should read it. Its good! And it was written by a real Scotch Canadian — Hop into the next book store and get one — take it from us, you won't regret it.

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Gee! That was a great fight that Air-man put up; three to one are great odds, but he fought and won, and we foot sloggers admire that air-man — He is a real « Britisher ».

Nuff said.

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We hope that Lt. Col. Gilson had a good time on leave to blighty; the Boys did the best they could to give him a good send-off.

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The first « Drums » to be brought to France by Canadians are still « going strong ». Sergt. Keatinge and Corp. Loughton deserve great credit for the success of the band and some of the tunes are real « stunners ». Stick to it fellows.

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Sergt. H. Rose has gone to Blighty to get a commission. We wish him the very best luck and hope to see him back with the battalion again before long. Drop us a line occasionally Harold.

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Well! Well! Well! Here's our old friend again — Old Mucky MUD — Cheerio!!!

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## LA LANGUE POILUE

« Fine blessure ». — Blessure assez légère pour n'être pas inquiétante, assez sérieuse cependant pour motiver l'évacuation, c'est-à-dire le repos dans des draps blancs, et la convalescence.

Les poilus belges disent « avoir la carotte ». Pour les Tommies, la fine blessure, c'est la « nice blighty » ou « blighty wound »; le mot blighty désignant l'Angleterre.

Remarque. — Cette expression « fine blessure » est toujours précédée de l'article défini « la » et jamais indéfini « une ».

(L'Echo des Guitounes).

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the major of manner severe  
Who deplores S. R. D.  
And decries even beer?  
And what are these words that to his lips come  
When he lifts the wrong glass  
And he finds he's drunk rum?

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Who was the estimated person who felt that life would be incomplete unless the balloon went up, toute suite? And did he put the wind up the R. F. C. men?

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It's unsafe to interfere with the parabola of a Hun offering! So thought one of the boys as he eyed a Minnenwerfer on the down grade. He took immediate steps to place a reasonable area of trench zone between himself and immortality, but the mud was dreadfully deep and terribly tenacious, so much so that he left his boots far behind and arrived in safety and his socks. Name and number, please!

## WE NEED ALL THE OLD BOYS.

(Tune: « When you wore a Tulip ».)

I met you in the trenches fifteen months ago today  
You have not gone away. The reason is, they say,  
They cannot spare you, no; they cannot spare you  
from the line.  
And so you see the system's running fine.  
You'll carry on, old boy, up there and linger day  
by day  
Till you with rheumatism or fever pass away.

## CHORUS

We can't spare the old boys,  
We need all the old boys  
To hold down the old front line,  
At Brigade schools and bomb schools,  
Corps schools and Base schools  
The new men they'll do fine,  
They'll tell you of Stokes guns,  
Of bombs and machine-guns,  
And also of trench warfare.  
Though they've never been « up there »  
They'll let you do their share  
And hold down the old front line.

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We came into the trenches fifteen months or more ago,
Playing the game, you know, through rain and mud and snow.
We played the game at « Plugstreet » and also Ypres, long
And then they moved us south down to the Somme
When we returned from there we still had a few old boys
Who thought their time had come to rest awhile from war and noise.

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Another fifteen months have passed, and still the war goes on.  
You'll find the old boys there and find them going strong.  
They're getting old, decrepit, and their hair is turning grey,  
But still they linger there from day to day  
Till Father Time comes passing by and says:  
« What! You here still »  
With mournful eye you will reply: « Oh, well, I've made my will. »